

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

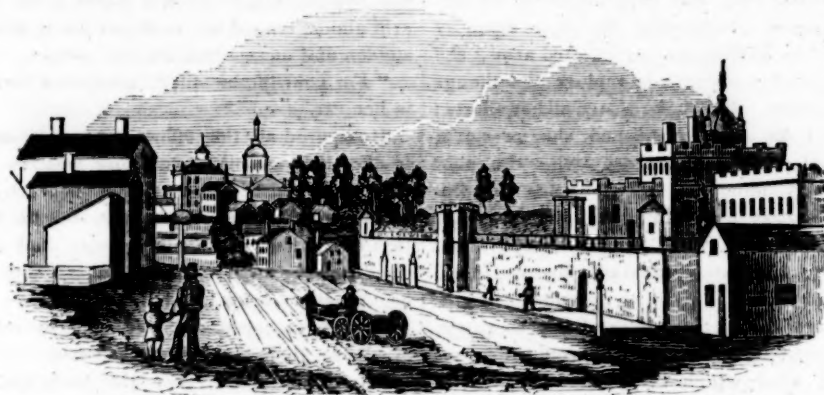
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## STATE PRISON AT AUBURN, N. Y.



The above is a representation of the state prison as viewed from the north; the cupola of the courthouse is seen in the distance. The erection of this prison commenced in 1816. "It occupies a plot of ground forming a square 500 feet each way, enclosed with a boundary wall 2,000 feet in extent, 30 feet high, and 4 feet thick at the base. A small river or creek runs along the south side of the boundary, and sufficient power from the stream is obtained, by means of a water-wheel and shaft through the wall, to work the machinery within the prison. The prison buildings stand back about 80 feet from the road, and form three sides of a square; the front part being about 280 feet long; each of the return wings is 240 feet long and 45 in depth." The cost of erecting the prison was more than \$500,000. The usual number of prisoners of late years has been between 6 and 700. The earnings of the prison during the year ending Sept. 1839, was \$60,161.46; the expenditures during the same period, \$51,671.21. Religious instruction is regularly given by the chaplain. Sunday schools are instituted in the prisons, in which the students in the theological seminary and other pious persons assist; the younger portions of the convicts, if illiterate, are taught to read, write, and cast accounts.

"The building contained originally 550 cells. More, we believe, have lately been added. They are principally distributed into four tiers or stories, and constructed on each side of the block or wing. The cells are each 7 feet long, 7 feet high, and 3½ wide. They are sufficiently lighted, well warmed, and ventilated. The area between the cells and the parallel walls, 10 feet wide, is open from the ground to the roof; and of this interval, 3 feet adjoining the cells are occupied by the galleries. This space in front of the cells forms a complete sounding-gallery, so that the watchman in the open area on the ground can hear even a whisper, from a distant cell in the upper story.

"Such are the provisions and precautions for the separate confinement of the prisoners at night. In the daytime, they are compelled to labor together, in an orderly and penitential manner.

Soon after daylight, on a signal given by the prison bell, the turnkey unlocks the doors of the cells, when the convicts, each with his night tub, water can, and mush kid, march out; and having disposed of these articles according to the order of the prison, proceed to the workshops, where they commence the labor of the day. At a fixed hour another bell is rung, when they form again in line, and march in silence, with closed files, to mess-room, where they breakfast at narrow tables, so arranged that they are unable to exchange even looks or signs. After an interval of 20 to 30 minutes, they return in the same manner to the workshops. At 12 o'clock, they dine under the same care to prevent intercourse. On the approach of night, they wash their faces and hands, and at the ringing of the bell, form a line according to the number of their cells, march out of the shops to their tubs, and at the word of command take them up, step forward and empty into the drain the water which had been placed in them in the morning to purify them. They then proceed, with closed files, the tubs hanging on their arms, to the wash-room, adjoining the kitchen, where their mush and molasses in a kid, and water in a can for drinking, have been placed together, in rows, by the cooks; and, without breaking their step, they stoop and take up the can and kid, march to their respective galleries, enter their cells as they arrive at them, and pull the doors partly shut. Each gallery is occupied by one company, which is marched and locked up by one turnkey, with two keys, differing from each other, and from all the rest. The convicts then eat supper in their respective cells. At an early hour they are required, by the ringing of a bell, to take off their clothes and go to bed, upon their canvass hammocks; when well, they are not permitted to lie down before the bell rings, nor to get up again, but from necessity, until the ringing of the morning bell. During the night, turnkeys are constantly moving round the galleries, wearing woollen socks on their feet, and walking so noiselessly that the convicts are not able to discover their presence or absence; and thus the whole wing, containing several hundred convicts, is preserved in perfect stillness and order. It is

obvious that no communication can take place between the convicts at night, without the connivance or negligence of the turnkeys, which is guarded against by the visits of the keeper and his deputies at different hours."—*Gordon's Gaz.*

## TALES.

From the Portland Transcript.

### THE SCOUT.

A Tale of the Woods of Maine.

#### CHAPTER VII.

By the margin of a little stream which flowed from a gradual descent, and wound its noiseless way around the roots of old trees—now trickling unseen through the green herbage, whose fibres it nourished in return for the protection afforded—and now lapsing gently under the fallen and decaying trunks which extended across but did not obstruct its course, and at last stealing its way through a broad open space, a green little forest nook, fit spot for fairy gambols in the pale moonlight, which now shed its mild radiance over the scene—by the margin of this quiet water course, part way up the slight ascent, was seated, or rather inclined, a young maiden on a mossy knoll, just out of the shade of a wide spreading elm. Her dress was somewhat rent and way-worn, and her countenance, as revealed by the full harvest moon, betokened much exhaustion and not a little anxiety, although there was something in the expression of her features which spoke of a spirit unbroken.—Her face was singularly handsome, and her form, notwithstanding the disarrangement of her dress, betrayed much natural grace.

At the moment we have introduced her to the reader, her glance was directed to the many little openings in the surrounding forest, watching the curious effects of the light and shade—the deep shadows of the trees and the tall bushes falling sharp and distinct on the dark turf, forming a grotesquely chequered scene, as well as a picture of unrivalled beauty. Agitated and burdened as was the heart of the maiden, it was not insensible to the softening influence. As her gaze lingered on the different points of attraction, for the time she forgot the terrible scenes she had but recently passed through, and the horrors of her present situation. Her captivity and the probable fate that awaited her, wholly passed from her mind.

In this dreary state of forgetfulness her eyes was following down the meanderings of the rivulet, which in the bright moon beams appeared like a stream of molten silver, until its course was lost in a dark clump of bushes which bounded the small opening, when she gave an involuntary start, while an exclamation of delighted surprise arose to her lips. Ere it found utterance she had the presence of mind to restrain it. The next moment the dark form of a savage rose stealthily in the shade behind her. The deep guttural monotone made use of by the red man

when surprised—"Hugh!"—it was uttered in a subdued voice, giving evidence that the movement of the maiden, slight as it was, had not escaped his observation.

For three or four minutes the gaze of the savage was riveted on the spot to which her glance had been so lately directed while his hand clutched the fatal tomahawk, ready for instant action. The maiden held her breath, while her heart beat almost audibly—half in hope, half in fear. Some time elapsed, yet nothing unusual met their gaze: but presently a slight rustling was heard among the bushes, and soon after a young doe was seen to emerge hastily from the thicket, gazing around in a startled manner. For a moment it stood with its head half turned to its late covert, then slowly moving towards the little stream, lapped awhile the bright waters, and shortly after plunged again into the bushes, and the same deep solitude as before reigned over the scene. As if suspicious were lulled to rest, the savage soon after sank quietly back on his leafy couch, and ere long his heavy breathing assured the maiden that his senses were again locked in slumber.

Mabel—for the reader will recognize the Scout's daughter in the young female we have been speaking of listened with a glistening eye to the deep respirations of the sleeper. In order to test the soundness of his slumber, she moved her feet, so as to produce a rustling noise among the crisp leaves around her, and then awaited in anxious expectation the result of the trial. But the sleep of the Indian was too heavy to be thus easily broken. Under ordinary circumstances, probably, even the light noise she had made would have aroused him at once; but the night previous, which was that succeeding the massacre as well as that in which the fatal deed was perpetrated—had been sleepless ones, and this with the fatigue of a long tramp, had induced a deeper slumber than usual.

Having satisfied herself that her captor was not feigning, Mabel again turned her eyes towards the thicket with a beating and anxious heart. She had not gazed long, when a dark object was seen creeping slowly and warily to the deep shadows of the bushes, and presently a young man stepped cautiously in the patch of moonlight in front. Though the thicket was at some distance, the quick eye of the girl immediately recognized the intruder. A warm blush suffused her pale cheeks, and her bosom throbbed with a new emotion as her glance fell on the form of one whose presence, it may well be supposed, was never more welcome than at this trying moment. Yet amidst the thrill of joy which the presence of her lover inspired, there mingled no small degree of fear.—She supposed that he had come to her rescue alone; and though she had no doubt he might easily overcome the sleeping savage, what if the other, who had in reality been sent back, as young Mayberry supposed, to ascertain the cause of the shot—what if he should return? Every moment she expected to hear his footsteps, for the hour had passed when he should have been there, and what could her lover do single handed with two such powerful foes?

Forgetting her own situation in the danger that menaced one so dear to her, she almost regretted his appearance.—Not long, however, did she entertain this feeling, for a moment after, to her great joy, she beheld her father standing by

his side. The gaze of both were apparently fixed on her. She was soon satisfied that she was seen by them, for after a brief consultation her father either made a sign to her or beckoned to her. What should prevent her starting away to their protection? In the first impulse of the moment she vainly made the attempt. Vainly, we say, for her crafty captors had taken the precaution to guard against a flight by confining her limbs, both arms and feet, and thus rendering her entirely helpless. Answering the sign made by her father by holding up her fettered arms, she then exerted her strength to remove the thongs from her ankles. But they resisted all her efforts; and when from sheer exhaustion she gave over for the first time since her captivity the poor girl wept. Finding that her struggles were impotent, she cast a fearful glance towards her friends, and again raised her imprisoned arms, thus giving them to understand she could do nothing for herself. Shaking their heads affirmatively, as if they comprehended her meaning, the two seemingly held another consultation, immediately after which they fell back into the shade and were lost to the sight.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

It was very evident from the cautious movement of her friends, that they were unaware of the number of her captors.—Had they known the true state of the case, they would undoubtedly have taken bolder measures for her rescue, the advantages being altogether on their side. They were pretty well convinced that there were but two at most to deal with, although they were not sure that others had not joined them. Even to get the captive safely out of the clutches of two only, they felt to be a hazardous game, well knowing that if their attempt was discovered the first blow would fall on her head. Aware of this, their proceedings were marked with the greatest possible secrecy.

Knowing that some plan had been matured for her release, Mabel waited the issue with trembling apprehension. Holding her breath that she might catch the first intimation of the approach of her deliverers, her patience was sorely tested.—Minute after minute passed away—each one seeming an age in her state of suspense—and still all was silent as death. Once only she thought she heard a scarce perceptible rustle among the leaves at a distance; and her eyes were immediately turned upon the sleeping savage, dreading least the noise should break his slumbers. But he still slept on—breathing heavily, and occasionally muttering unintelligibly in his sleep. At one time she thought all was lost, for the Indian suddenly half raised himself, uttering at the same time a slight exclamation as of surprise. The action and the utterance were probably occasioned by the flitting of some wild thought through his brain, for he soon settled away again in the same depth of unconsciousness as ever.

Mabel now listened with renewed intensity for signs indicating the approach of her friends, but not a sound could be heard. There was not so much as the falling of a leaf to break the grave-like stillness.—Dreading either the awaking of the sleeper or the return of the absent, her anxiety increased every moment. The feeling of suspense—of uncertainty—grew so strong that it almost amounted to torture, and she found it difficult to sustain herself amid the conflicting

emotions that agitated her breast. Again and again she bent her ear in the hope of catching an approaching sound, and for the hundredth time her searching glance was riveted on different points whence she expected the appearance of her deliverers; but in vain. With a sickening emotion and a sigh of disappointment wrung from the very depths of her heart, she bent her head for a moment, half yielding to the weight that oppressed her, when a slight touch on her arm almost caused her to shriek out in alarm, so sudden and unexpected was the action.

"For your life be still!" whispered her father in her ear.

It required all the effort she could command to obey him, so full and strong was the tide of feeling that rushed through her heart. A moment hardly transpired when she felt the thongs that bound her wrists giving way and at last drop from them.—Her first impulse was to throw her liberated arms around her parent's neck. The Scout received and returned the embrace in silence, then in a low whisper said—

"Here, my child, take the knife and loose your feet. Quick, Mabel, for time is precious! How many of the varmints are they, gal?" he added, as she bent over to sever the cords.

Ere she could return an answer, a slight crashing and a hasty step among the underbush a little in front of them struck her ear.

"Oh God, father, he's returned!" exclaimed the maiden half aloud, forgetful in her alarm of everything else.

The words had barely left her lips when a tall savage bounded with a shrill whoop from the bushes a few yards in advance of them, brandishing his tomahawk in the very act of launching it at the half-stooping girl. As quick as thought the Scout sprang to his feet and confronted him, interposing his own body as a shield to his child. The action of the Scout frustrated the purpose of the Indian; and he poised his weapon to strike down his opponent. His arm was thrown back, and the glittering instrument was just on the point of being sent on its fatal errand, when the flash of a gun lit up the deep shadows of the forest, followed by a sharp report, and the rifle ball whistled directly over the shoulder of the Scout. A dead, crushing sound was heard—a smothered shriek—and the tall savage bounded high in the air, and fell headlong among the underbrush.

"Bravely done, my boy!" shouted the old man, exultingly, as his glance rested for a moment on the body of the dead Indian—"shouldn't have been ashamed of that shot myself!—But there is other work for us yet. How many of the red devils are there, Mabel?" said he, turning quickly round.

The scene that met his gaze checked at once every feeling of exultation. It was his daughter darting down the declivity and across the opening, and the lately sleeping Indian in full pursuit, with the long hunting knife of the Scout held threateningly toward her. The first impulse of the Scout was to fly to her rescue, but a moment's thought convinced him that before he could reach her it would be too late to save her. A second glance also revealed to him the young man rushing to her assistance, though the distance between the parties was so great there was no hope of his being able to reach the infuriated

savage in time to prevent the accomplishment of his fatal purpose. Something, however, must be done, and that, too, shortly, for the Indian was fast closing upon the terrified maiden, who continued her flight directly across the area.

Springing to the little hillock on which he and his daughter had rested at the time they met, the Scout caught up his rifle and aimed at the savage. He hesitated, however, for the foe was directly in range of his daughter, and he was fearful that the same ball might carry death to her as well as to her pursuer. By this time the Indian was within a few feet of his victim. Already his arm was extended to seize her, when the Scout hastily lowered his rifle, and shouted with a voice to which despair lent strength—

"Double on him, gal! Turn this way, for your life!"

As quick as a flash the panting maid turned short on her pursuer in the direction of her father. The movement was so sudden that she gained considerably on the baffled savage.

Once more the Scout raised his rifle with a deliberate aim, and taking advantage of the very moment when the savage was on a slight rise, which brought his person boldly out to view, while the maiden, being in a small hollow, was out of his range, the trigger was drawn. If ever the Scout prayed it was at that fearful moment. His child's existence hung on the steadiness of his nerve—yet he faltered not. One step only had the Indian taken when the bright flame leaped from the muzzle—a ringing report followed—and when the smoke cleared away, the long hunter's knife was seen glittering in the moonbeams, flying through the air, while the hand that so lately held it was beating the earth in the paroxysms of death. In a moment after the still flying maiden was clasped to the panting breast of young Mayberry, in whose arms she rested unscathed, though faint and exhausted, and scarcely aware of her safety.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"Is she hurt?" anxiously exclaimed the Scout, as he rushed to the spot where his daughter stood supported by the young man, "Mabel, Mabel—speak to me child!"

"No, dear father," was her faint reply, throwing herself into his arms, "I am safe, thank God! But where is he—the Indian?" and she glanced fearfully around her.

"Where he can shed no more innocent blood," replied the old man, with stern solemnity. "There lies the varmint—there, where if a merciful Providence spares my life, many more of the accursed race will lie before I'm done with them. But come, James, we must be getting ready for a start. Pick up your knife yonder and see that your piece is well loaded—the whooping demons may be upon us before we know it. Sit you down, my darter, and rest yourself, for we have a long and rough road before us, and you will need all your strength."

While the young man obeyed the Scout's order, the old man, after charging his rifle, stepped to the side of the dead Indian and rolled the corpse into a deep hollow, carefully covering it with dead leaves to conceal it from sight, should the savages be drawn to the spot by the firing; for he well knew if they discovered the bodies of the slain, they would pursue them with an untiring

vigilance, and wreak on them a bloody vengeance.

But a short time elapsed ere the party were on the move. Slowly and silently they threaded the gloomy forest—the Scout leading the way—stopping at short intervals to listen if aught could be heard of the dreaded foe. But no sound broke the deep silence, save the faint rustle occasioned by their passage through the underbrush.—Once only was it disturbed. Far behind them, swelling faintly on the night air, was heard what at first sounded like an Indian yell.

"Oh, God," whispered the maiden in a tremulous tone, a cold shudder running through her frame, "I hear them! They will soon overtake us; they are howling over the slain!"

The Scout stopped short, motioning for silence while he stood in the attitude of one intently listening. A minute or two elapsed when the same sound was borne more loudly to their ears.

"There, father, do you not hear them?" said the maiden with a voice of increased alarm.

"Ay," replied the Scout in a low tone, evidently of relief, "I hear them sure enough. They are howling over the dead; but cheer up, Mabel, they are not Indians. The wolves, gal, are feasting on the varmints. 'Tis a dismal sound in a lone forest, and I've known the time when it has made me tremble as you do at this moment. But we have nothing to fear from them now—the critters are too busy over the dead to meddle with the living."

Throughout the night the party kept on their way. Their progress was very slow, for the maiden was worn down with fatigue, although she bore herself bravely—refusing to acknowledge her weariness, but urging them on when they proposed a halt for the purpose of rest, so anxious was she to reach the settlements. Nor was the anxiety of her protectors much less than her own, for they knew not but their steps were tracked, and each moment they expected to be assailed by the treacherous and blood-thirsty foe.

Morning dawned ere they ventured at last to come to a halt; when exhausted nature gave way and the maiden fell into a deep slumber. The sun had got up far into the heavens ere she was aroused, when, refreshed by her repose, she started with renewed vigor on her toilsome journey.

It will be needless to follow them on their wild and wearisome way. After a most fatiguing march, rendered doubly so by the precautions they deemed it necessary to take—now diverging widely from the direct course in order to mislead a pursuit—now forcing their way over broken ledges and through rocky and difficult places, where they would be least likely to leave a trail; practising a thousand arts which the sagacity of the Scout prompted to baffle their pursuers in case they were followed, they finally, at the close of the second day, to their great satisfaction reached the Scout's hut on the Causeway.

We will not attempt to portray the joy of the maiden when she stood once more safely within her father's humble dwelling. The dreadful scenes in which she had been a partaker seemed more like a dream than the reality, although often as she thought of the night of the bloody massacre, a cold shudder evinced how indelibly was that shocking scene fixed upon her memory.

We presume some of our readers would hardly

be satisfied unless we adverted more particularly to one incident connected with two of the personages of our humble history. We allude, of course, to Mabel and her chivalrous lover, whose bravery was in due time rewarded by the possession of her, who, when in peril, aroused in him the bold resolve of rescuing her or of perishing in the attempt. The hearty blessing invoked on the young couple by the Scout after the ceremony, and the honest sincerity with which he addressed the bridegroom, fully evinced his satisfaction on the occasion.

"James, my boy," said he, grasping his hand, "I told you you should have her, and I am more proud to receive you as a son than if you were the King's own, with all his grandeur and gold, for I know you are worthy of the gal—and may she make you as good a wife as I am certain you will be to her a kind husband."

As for the Scout, it is only necessary to add that the red man found in him a persevering foe throughout the long years of that cruel war. The butchery of his sister was never forgotten; and whenever a savage fell beneath his sure aim, his exclamation, "One more drop atoned for!" evinced a determination to fulfil to the letter, if possible, the threat called forth by the sight of his kindred's blood, "A life for a drop!"

But as we may have occasion to refer to him hereafter, we will for the present take our leave of him, assuring the reader that the Scout is no offspring of the imagination is but the counterpart of one who lived and acted at the time and amid the scenes we have attempted to describe.

From Miss Leslie's Magazine.

#### TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF ANNA BOLEYŃ.

It was a small gothic room, panelled with dark wood, while the heavy curtains of green tapestry swept the ground. Yet it was not gloomy, for feminine taste gave its own lightness to the various arrangements of the little chamber. A wood fire burned upon the hearth, and two waxen tapers flung their light on a mirror, set in richly chased silver. A casket stood open on the table, and the fair occupant of the arm-chair beside, was employed in turning over its glittering contents. "I have seen them so often that they are not worth looking at. How I should like a massive gold chain, like that the duchess of Norfolk has just had from Italy!" exclaimed the maiden, turning away. "Ah! I may yet have one. If I had staid at court, I feel sure my royal conquest would have been completed; but shut up here, I am losing my chance—some new beauty will soon take my place. *Les absens ont toujours tort.*" While she spoke, her eye fell upon a little ring, quaintly worked in a true-lover's-knot, with the single word "Fidelity" traced in golden characters. The color came into Anna's face;—that ring had been given to her by Lord Percy, and she started to think how little her heart replied to the vows that had once made it beat with such sweet quickness on the banks of the Seine. Strange how soon her thoughts wandered from the lonely meeting by moonlight, to the gayer scenes where the young English couple were allowed to be the most graceful in the saraband. Were I a lover, I would not have *la dame de mes pensées* delight in those associations with myself where I con-

tributed to her amusement, or flattered her vanity; I would ask her saddest thoughts—I would have her recall the stars that we had watched, and the flowers that we had gathered. I would fain connect my image with all that makes the poetry of woman's nature. The city and the crowd unidealise love; and love, in the young warm heart of a girl, should be a dream apart from all commoner emotions—as sweet and as ethereal as the blush with which it is born and dies—Beauty gives its own gracefulness to love—there must be romance blended with the passion inspired by the very lovely face which the mirror reflected. The lady was fair—of that peculiar and rosy fairness which belongs to auburn hair. The cheek seemed almost transparent, so various was the crimson that ebbed and flowed on its rounded surface. Her figure was carelessly wrapped in a loose gown, trimmed with fur; but its grace indicated its symmetry. The hood was put aside; and her long hair, without any restraint, fell on her shoulders. It had that sunny shade which changes in every light;—by day it was a soft warm chesnut, which at night looked like threads of gold. She raised its rich mass in her slender hands, and began twisting it into fantastic braids. Suddenly she let it fall. "What does it matter how I look?—there is no one here to see!" exclaimed she, with a pretty petulance which suited well with her mignon features. "Do not be so sure of that!" said a voice behind her. She started from her seat, as a cavalier advanced;—she at once recognised him, and dropped on her knee to greet her royal visitor. "Nay," whispered Henry, softly, "it is I who should kneel, to pray pardon for my bold intrusion." "Your majesty cannot doubt your welcome," replied Anna, blushing with the rich flush of gratified vanity. Ah! even a blush does not always wear its true meaning; the king, of course, gave it the meaning the most pleasant to himself. "A lover always doubts—it is not the king, but Henry Tudor, who

"Hopes the grace which yet he fears to win."

"Ah!" replied she, "fear is no word for your grace to use." "I never knew it before," replied he. "How grateful, my liege," cried Anna, smiling, "you ought to be to me—think of the value of a new sensation." "I can think of nothing but yourself," was the answer; "but know you not, sweetheart, that it is St. Valentine's day! Will you be mine, and wear the token that I bring?" Anna made no reply, but her small fingers remained clasped in the king's, who stood watching the downcast face that had never seemed more lovely. "How did your grace come here?" asked Anna, putting the question for want of something to say. "There is a subterranean passage into the room below; like a true knight, I passed through darkness, to sun myself in my lady's eyes. But, tell me, sweet, will you wear my token, and be my true and faithful Valentine?" Again Anna remained silent; but the silence was sufficient assent, and Henry sealed the promise on her lip. He then produced a red velvet casket; from whence he took a carkanet of precious stones, fastened by rubies, in the shape of a true-lover's-knot, which formed their united ciphers. The maiden's eyes flashed with pleasure, as she gazed on the splendid offering; but the genius of flattery, which is the element of a court, did not desert her.

"They are magnificent," whispered she; "but I cannot prize them more than I should do a simple flower coming from you." "I believe it, my beauty!" exclaimed the king; "wait but a little while, and all England shall attest the love I bear to her who will then be its mistress. But I will not go hence without a token in return. Will you give me this little ring?" and he took up the ring which Lord Percy had once placed on the hand that now lay passive in another's. "That ring?" exclaimed Anna, vainly struggling with her confusion, "is not worth your grace's acceptance." Henry's brow darkened, and he examined the ring closely. "Oh! I see," said he, in one of those cold, harsh tones he could sometimes assume, "it is a love token;—I should be sorry to interfere with any tender recollections;" and he allowed her hand to drop from his own, Anna saw it was dangerous ground; but she had now recovered her self-possession. "The ring," said she, "was my mother's—I would not part with it, but to your grace—my whole heart goes with it;" and taking his hand, she placed the ring upon it. "I take the gift, sweet one!" replied the king—all trace of displeasure utterly past away; "I shall never look upon it, but to think how truly and tenderly I am beloved. But it is late—good night, my fair Valentine! I shall see you to-morrow." Anna remained, for some minutes, standing where he left her, leaning against the oak table. The wildest dream of her ambition was on the eve of being realised; her faith was plighted to the king of England—yet it was not of him she thought. A low pleading voice was in her ear, and Lord Percy's dark sad eyes seemed to reproach her falsehood. Mechanically she looked to the place where she had last seen his ring;—it was gone, and in its place lay the glittering carkanet. It was flecked with drops of blood, as she had leant on the table, its bright sharp points had cut her arm. Anna was insensible to the pain; she thought only of the omen!

#### PART II.

It was again evening—and Anna was again seated in a lonely chamber—but far different to her former apartment in the turret. A few very few years had past since then—and her face was still lovely as ever; but the character of its loveliness was changed. The eyes were restless, and the lashes had the brightness of unshed tears. A hectic colour, seemed to burn the cheek on which it rested, and the once full lip was pale and thin. She was leaning back in a eubrous arm-chair; and her black dress gave a gloom to her whole appearance, which ill accorded with her slender and airy figure, and a face whose native vivacity neither sorrow nor suffering could quite subdue. It had been but a brief reign for the young and lovely queen, and a short step from the throne to the Tower; for in the Tower was that gloomy chamber where she was keeping her solitary vigil. A few logs burned dimly on the hearth; and the red glare of the smoky lamp which swung above, fell on the dreary looking walls. The panels had no carvings, but those which are the work of listless wretchedness seeking a refuge from itself—and seeking in vain—all the graven records were of the prisoner and the doomed. Some had cut grotesque faces, which seemed to mock the misery they witnessed—others had contented them-

selves with initials—while others again had graven short sad sentences, all bearing on the mutability of fortune. The young queen read them not—she was lost in a deep reverie. Her gay and careless girlhood, at the French court, passed vividly before her. Again she triumphed in being the chosen of so accomplished a cavalier as Lord Percy. The Seine seemed to spread far away in the silver moonlight, as bright as her then unbroken spirits. "I have paid dearly, Percy," muttered she, "for the vanity that broke faith with love." Never till in that moment of its utter want, had Anna Boleyn felt the full value of affection. Her fancy conjured up a happy home, where she was cherished—far from the world—but with the dearer world of love within her and around her. She started from her dream, to know that she was a prisoner—tried, condemned—on whom even now rested the shadow of the scaffold. "It is not possible," exclaimed she, starting from her seat, and wringing her hands in a paroxysm of anguish; "he is fierce—he is cruel—but he cannot see that head go down in blood to the dust, which has so often lain upon his own heart! He used to twist my long fair hair round his fingers, and call it beautiful—he cannot let the coarse hands of the executioner sever the locks that have so often mingled with his own! I bound one round the letter which I sent him this morning." Again she sank into silence—but, this time, her musing took a sadder tone. "I am innocent to him," murmured she, "but not so, my God, before thee. Untrue to Percy—false to my royal mistress—how does the sad patience of Katharine of Arragon upbraid me now! Vain, frivolous—I have lived for the pomps and pleasures of this world—and I have now my bitter requital." The evening passed on; but every moment added to the restlessness of the unfortunate captive. Hope deferred is sickness to the heart—and she was now suffering that sickness, at its worst. She had, that day, written to Henry that touching letter which history has preserved, and every moment she expected an answer. The suspense was dreadful. The least noise sent the color to her temples, which then receding, left her pale as death. At last the governor of the Tower came, as he did every evening; and the sight of a human face, the sound of a human step, were a positive relief. "Well, Sir John!" exclaimed she, in the strange mood whose hysterical excitement so often takes the semblance of mirth, "the executioner won't have much trouble with my neck,"—and she spanned with her fingers her slender and snowy throat. The governor was silent;—he lacked the heart to tell her that he was the bearer of her death-warrant. At that moment, a packet was given in for the queen. She snatched it eagerly; but her hand trembled so that she could scarcely break the seal.—A hope so dreadful, so desperate, that it was almost fear, yet lingered with her. She opened the scroll, and out rolled the ring, with the true-lover's-knot, which she had given to her royal suitor. She read the lines, with the calmness of despair;—they were as follows:—

"Henry Tudor returns to Anna Boleyn the ring which Lord Percy gave her."

"My fate is sealed!" said the queen, with a shudder. It was sealed indeed—for the next morning saw Anna Boleyn beheaded!

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

## DECEIT.

If there is one law above all others written in wisdom—a word that I would trace as with a pen of fire, upon the unpolluted heart of a child, 'tis this—avoid deceit. Could the curtain of human experience be rolled back, and its hidden things be disclosed to us, what a picture of wretchedness, misery and wo would present itself to our view, caused by the foul fiend of deceit.—We should start back in horror from the contemplation. How many noble spirits and warm hearts, with hopes encouraged for a time, and then blasted; affection nourished for awhile and then cast off as a worthless thing, blighted and wasted. How many hearts that once throbbed warmly with hope's bright spirit, have been repulsed and chilled by its withering power. How many gentle and sensitive spirits have sunk under its cankering influence, and gone down to untimely graves. How many? let the page of human life record the sad and heart-sickening answer. The spirit of deceit has shed its blighting and destroying influence over every walk of life. It has entered the sacred precincts of the domestic sanctuary and enshrouded in darkness and gloom, the home once joyous and radiant with those smiling cherubs of life, hope and love. It has polluted with its poisonous breath the social hearth, and destroyed the fair fabric of connubial happiness. Ah! and woman, who was endowed and made susceptible of noble and generous feelings, with a gentle and sensitive spirit, a frank and confiding nature—even she to whom we look for all that is pure and lovely, ennobling and exalted, whose heart should be the seat of innocence, of virtue, of truth and sincerity—even she, alas! that she should thus degrade herself, has drank of the poisonous draught, sullied the fair purity of her character, polluted the fountains of her soul and darkened her heart. It has taken from her the most powerful charm, the loveliest and most winning trait of her character, that heart-trusting faith and frank simplicity, that confiding trustfulness, that involuntarily wins our respect and love; thus rendering the fairest features repulsive and revolting, and the sweetest smile sickening to the heart; for who will trust to the loveliest smile, who will drink in the sweet and musical tones of kindness from the sweetest lips, when beneath them may lurk the poison of deceit, the dark spirit of malice and cold selfishness? Oh! rather let the features be set in cold and marble-like rigidity, rather let the stern and passionless demeanor of the stoic enshroud them, than light them up with the false glow of hypocrisy and deceit. Oh! let us avoid as we would the breath of the deadly sirocco, the foul fiend of deceit; it is the Bohan Upas of the moral world, diffusing blight and misery wherever it exists. If it has found a place in our bosoms, let us banish it as the bane of all earthly happiness, ere its poison hath diffused itself o'er our souls and cast its dark shadow o'er our hearts. Cling to the spirit, and bind round thee the white and spotless robe of sincerity and truth—make it the ruling and guiding star of thy life, and it shall encircle thee with the radiant light of moral purity and loveliness; a light from whose searching rays the degraded votary of vice shall shrink

in shame—a light that shall win thee the respect, esteem and love of the pure and good—a light that shall insure to thee that happiness, that is the blessed meed of the pure in heart—a light that shall guide thee to the blissful and celestial mansions of heaven. E.

Sullivan, Feb. 1843.

## BIOGRAPHY.



SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, one of the greatest astronomers of modern times, was born in 1738. He was the son of a musician, who brought him up in his own profession; and young Herschel was successively a player in the band of a Hanoverian regiment, and of the Durham militia, and organist at Halifax, and at the Octagon chapel at Bath. The study of astronomy was one of the occupations of his leisure hours, and finding the purchase of a powerful telescope too expensive, he tried to construct one for himself, and was successful. He subsequently made others of enormous magnitude. Relinquishing the study of music, he gave himself up to astronomical inquiries, and, on the 13th of March, 1781, was so fortunate as to discover a new planet, which he named the Georgium Sidus. Thenceforth, patronised by George the Third, and assisted by his sister Caroline, he continued his labors assiduously. In 1816 he received the Guelphic order of knighthood; and he died August 23, 1822. Among his discoveries made by Herschel are the lunar volcanoes, the sixth and seventh satellites of Saturn, the six satellites of the Georgian planet, and the nature of the various nebulae. Herschel wrote many papers in the Philosophical Transactions; and drew up a Catalogue of Stars, taken from Flamsteed's Observations; and a Catalogue of Five Thousand new Nebulae.

## MISCELLANY.

## NO FICTION.

"Stay, drunkard, stay, touch not the bowl,  
Lift not the poison up—  
There's deep damnation for thy soul,  
Within that sparkling cup."—*Washingtonian*.

"MOTHER," exclaimed a young girl, after sitting some time apparently engaged in deep thought—"Mother, do you think brother James will ever be such a man as Mr. Roberts was when he died?"

"Why, my dear, do you ask such a question as that?"

"Because I heard you say that when he was a young man, he was as promising as any one you knew, and that Mrs. Roberts had a fine house, and fine furniture; and I am sure that I can remember when Harriet and James went to school, they were the best dressed children there

How did it happen, mother, that such a change came over their family?"

"A change indeed!" replied the mother, "and I have often promised to tell you something of their history; I will now fulfil my promise, and well you may fear for your brother James, when such a one as Charles Roberts was twenty years ago, has filled a drunkard's grave. But to commence my story:

"On a beautiful evening in October, 1820, the mansion of Judge Burton was brilliantly illuminated, and all the youth and beauty of the town were there assembled to celebrate the nuptials of Charles Roberts and Mary Burton. There was all the paraphernalia of a bridal party; the orange flowers that wreathed the brow of the youthful bride and her gay companions—the bridal tokens dispensed—the snowy leaf—the whispered wishes of future happiness, all told they were about losing one they valued not lightly. Ah! little would you think that the bride of that evening was the heart-broken widow of to-day. Not only rich and accomplished, but an acknowledged beauty; it was not surprising that there were many aspirants for her hand; among whom she chose one acknowledged to be equal to her in every respect. He had beauty of an order, which a cultivated mind like hers could appreciate. His lofty brow and noble bearing, with a generous and affectionate heart, and a mind rich in mental cultivation, made him the admired and beloved of all, the welcomed one of every circle. Such were they that were that evening to unite their destinies; and as they stood before the altar and plighted their vows before God and man, the one to love and obey, the other to cherish and protect, little did we think—ah! little did she dream of the change that was to come over the idolized one of her choice. Little did she imagine that ere long her bright prospects would be blighted, her young and confiding heart be withered and crushed; and that too by one whom she considered incapable of offering—whose regard for her, as he had often vowed would be sufficient to deter him from evil and the company of the vicious.

"Her mother having died in her infancy had left her a fortune. She had a kind and indulgent step-mother, and was surrounded by affectionate brothers and sisters, who wept as they thought of the void she would leave in their family circle.

"Father," said she, "I wish from you no worldly goods; my mother's fortune is sufficient for me, for while Charles lives I've no fears; he has a promising business, which ensures him a competence. As for riches, we want them not; while we have health we want nothing more to complete our happiness."

"Mary," said her father, solemnly, "trust not in earthly pleasures for happiness, place your trust in heaven."

Let us pass over a period of twenty years, and look at the work which time has wrought.

"On a cold bleak morning in December last, a loud and hearty knock was heard at the door of low and inferior-looking dwelling. It was opened by a pale but interesting looking woman, while surprise and fear seemed depicted upon her countenance as the visitant bade her good morning, and requested her to accompany him to another street, to see her husband, who was quite ill at his brother's. She answered not, for her heart

was too full of agony for words. As they approached the house, she merely asked if he was considered in danger; an evasive reply was all she received. She approached the door of the room—all was hushed; not a sound save the sobbing of a heart broken sister, who stood by his bedside endeavoring to arouse him from a stupor which had come over him. She rushed by them, and taking his hand, which was already cold, exclaimed,

"Charles, speak to me—speak! tell me you yet live—look upon me once more"

The sound of her familiar voice aroused him for a moment from his lethargy; he opened his eyes and asked, "Where am I? I've been sleeping a long time, and feel very faint!" then immediately closing his eyes again, he slept the sleep from which he never more awoke. But shall I attempt to describe the wreck of all that was once noble and gifted, for there lay the remains of Charles Roberts.

Do you ask what caused that haggard face? Dissipation. Go ask that weeping, heart-broken widow, the once beautiful Mary. "Blame him not," she says, "censure him not—it was the tempter Alcohol!"

"For years, long years of sorrow, had she seen since we left her a happy and blooming bride. For a while all was bright; they have no wish unsatisfied—no fears of a dark day; but the tempter came, he was lured to the gambling-table. Ah, fatal step!—vice followed vice—he fled to the wine cup to drown the stings of conscience; and when Mary first observed the change in his habits, he had some trivial excuse—business detained him later than usual, or he had met an old friend, with whom he had to take a glass of wine. She wished to believe him, and would excuse him in her own mind. She could not believe that Charles would ever become what the world calls a DRUNKARD—that he would ever desert her; she still looked for better times, she still hoped that he would reform; she flattered herself he would again be to his family what he had been; she had hoped for years in vain; and now when the truth broke upon her, when she realized that he was gone—the loved one of her youthful days, her idolized husband—then hope died within her, her heart-strings were torn asunder, and with all the agony of a broken heart, she asked herself, "has he at length died a drunkard? Will his children be despised and scorned as a drunkard's, and was this the way he kept his vows? Did he protect her who looked up to him for protection? Did he return to her undying love, as he had sworn to do, when he won and took her from her father's house?"

One week, and Mary was a maniac. Go to her, ye that wish to see a monument of crushed hopes and a broken heart.

Is there one of my readers that will share the fate of the misguided Roberts? Oh! ye who are just entering upon life's arena with as flattering prospect as lay before him, I tremble to think of the changes a few years may work upon young men. Oh! flee the cup, the poison of which will cloud your prospects for this world and another, and resolve never to unite with your destinies with another until you have pledged yourself to abstain from all that intoxicates.—Oh! dash the sparkling wine forever to the earth as you value your peace here and hereafter.—*Granville Miscellany.*

### PRIDE AND POVERTY.

How little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are *hated* by those they avoid, and *despised* by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side: the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them.

Once upon a time, a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was against two Saracens, and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out off spite.—Then they travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all that struck the first blow which was returned by another, that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant, and married him. They now travelled far, till they met with a company of robbers.—The giant, for the first time was foremost now; but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventures; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf was now without an arm, a leg, and a eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, "My little hero, this is glorious sport! let us get one victory more and then we shall have honor for ever." "No," cries the dwarf, who had by this time grown wiser, "no I declare off; I'll fight no more; for I find that in every battle you get all the honor and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me."—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

### AN EXTRACT.

THE first night at sea is always, and to all on board, a night of sadness and discomfort. Men may feign good spirits, and attempt an awkward joke or two; but no one can see his native land fade away in the horizon without a sinking of heart. Even the ship-dog seems to know that he is going from home. Ours certainly did, his drooping tail and his dull eye, were not as they were on shore.

At noon, the steamboat took the ship in tow; at four she left us; at five the fairy pilot boat took from us our pilot, and hauled in for the shore.—When the pilot leaves the ship, the last link which binds one to his country seems broken.—The heart seems torn from home. No one who has not experienced it, can understand the peculiar feeling of that moment. A thousand fancies rush unbidden to the mind. The affections seem quickened with a new energy. Dearer than ever are the friends of our fireside. The kisses of our

prattling ones are sweeter to the fond fancy than ever before. Though we think we have "counted the cost," yet would we give all we hope for in our voyage, to be back with those we love. The future is uncertain. What changes shall there be in the home circle? To me, this question comes with a sad earnestness; for, but a little space of time has gone, and a father, a brother, two sisters, and a child have left me, no more to return. And, as I said, who shall tell of the changes in the home circle, ere the wanderer returns?

It is such a moment that the mind turns, involuntarily to Him who is over all. Then it is we rejoice that there is a God; that the world is not Fatherless; and that chance has nothing to do, nor can have aught to do with us and ours. In the spirit of those beautiful lines of Barry Cornwall, we commit all we love to our Father's care. I will copy those lines for you, although they are not appropriate in this rambling sea letter. They have given me so much pleasure on this voyage, that I will venture them. The spirit of the little matter is so like that felt by the man who has left his heart's treasures behind him, that I may be pardoned:

"Send down thy winged Angel, God!

Amidst this night so wild,  
And bid him come, where now we watch,  
And breathe upon our child.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,  
And moans within her sleep,  
Or waketh, with a patient smile,  
And striveth not to weep.

How gentle, and how good a child  
She is, we know too well,  
And dearer to her parents' hearts,  
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,  
To aid, when need may be;  
We hope—and have despaired, at times,  
But now, we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet-soul'd Angel, God!  
Amidst the darkness wild,  
And bid him soothe our souls to night,  
And heal our gentle child!"

### GO TO WORK.

EVER since we can remember, the world has been plagued with a class who are always mourning, crying, and repining at their lot, the difficulty they have in obtaining a living—the prospect of their starving—the suffering and want which threaten those dependent upon them, &c. Such men are a curse to the industrious and energetic, and should not be tolerated. Their whining and sniveling is all a humbug.

Never was there a time in this country when an able bodied man who sets out for it could not get a living. No man in the enjoyment of health and a disposition to work was ever known to starve here. We love a man who will jump out of bed determined to earn something before he sleeps; and every man can do it. And we despise the weakness of a man, who having sustained severe losses by the frauds, or by the misfortunes of others, settles down upon his haunches and leaves his family to starve, under the pretence that he is *disheartened*. Why if he has lost the provision he had made for the support of the innocent beings dependent upon him, his business is to go to work and make provision for them. It is immoral to lazily sit down and leave them to suffer. If employment is hard to obtain, seek it

the more diligently, reflect the more carefully, be more economical. But never despair; never be idle; never stop trying. Resolution, energy, spirit and courage have fed many a family in times past, and will do it again in times future. Deserve success if you would command it. Success may be taken by force; rise, slothful man, and take it, if not for your own sake, for the sake of your wife and children; labor will make you more happy and more thrifty.—*New-York Aurora.*

### THE SCOTCH MAJOR.

SOME sixty or seventy years ago, a Scotch major in the British army was stationed at Montreal, in Lower Canada. He had, from his quarrelsome disposition, fought several duels, and in every instance killed his man. Indeed, from his bullying reputation, he had acquired such a character, that it was deemed the height of folly for any one to contradict his word.

Yankee pedlars abounded in those days, as much as they do now; and it so happened that one of them had located himself in the same tavern with our valiant hero from Scotland. In the course of conversation, the Major observed.

"The Yankees are all cowards!"

"Your're a liar!" cried the pedlar.

All eyes were turned upon the last speaker. He was informed of the courage and performance of the Major, and advised to retract his words; but all to no purpose. He persisted in his assertions; and the consequence was a challenge to a duel next morning, which was instantly accepted by our Yankee on condition that the battle should be fought without seconds.

Matters being thus agreed upon, the Major repaired to the ground the next morning at the time appointed, where he found the Yankee walking to and fro with a shouldered rifle. On the Major's appearance, with a pair of hair trigger pistols, the Yankee presented his rifle, and said:

"Lay down your arms, darn your skin! or I'll blow your brains out."

"That is downright murder," says the major; "no man of honor would require any such thing."

The Yankee persisted in his demand, and the result was, the pistols were laid at his feet.

"Now" says Jonathan, "I'll deal fair with you; I have the pistols, and you shall have the rifle."

The Major gladly made the exchange; and seizing the weapon, cocked it, and aimed it at the breast of his antagonist, exclaimed:

"Deliver, or I will blow you through!"

"Blow and be hanged!" says the Yankee.

The Major snapped the piece; but—it was not loaded. He became so mortified from the circumstance that he left the service.

### PORTRAIT OF A DRUNKARD.

DRUNKARD, stand forward, that we may have a look at you, and draw your picture. There he stands! the mouth of a drunkard, you may observe contracts a singularly sensitive appearance—seemingly red and rawish; and he is perpetually licking and smacking his lips, as if his palate was dry and adust. His is a thirst which water will not quench. He might as well drink air. His whole being burns for a dram.—The whole world is contracted into a caulker. He would sell his soul in such extremity, were the black bottle

denied him, for a gulp. Not to save his soul from eternal fire would he, or rather could he, if left alone with it, refrain from pulling out the plug, and sucking away at destruction. What a nose he turns up at the morning air; inflamed, pimpled snubby, and with a nob at the end like one carved out of a stick by the knife of school-boy—rough and hot to the eye—a nose which, rather than pull, you would submit even to be in some degree insulted. A perpetual cough harasses and exhausts him, and a perpetual expectoration. How his hand trembles! It is an effort even to sign his name: one of his sides is certainly not so sound as the other; there has been a touch of the palsy there, and the next hint will draw his chin to his collar bone, and convert him, a month before dissolution, into a slavering idiot. There is no occupation, small or great, insignificant or important, to which he can turn, for any length of time, his hand, his heart, or his head.

### BOBBY DEAR, AND OLD MRS. S.

"Bobby dear," said the kind hearted Mrs. M. to her youngest darling a forward little gentleman of ten years, "run over and ask how old Mrs. S. is—that's a man."

So little Bobby picked himself up and proceeded with becoming gravity to the house of Mrs. S. and upon entering the parlor he found the old lady convalescent, and sitting in her easy-chair. He appeared somewhat embarrassed, and spoke not a word; but Mrs. S. offered him some ginger nuts and began talking to him, until his shame and facedness wore off. At length he mustered courage to execute his commission, but with instinctive delicacy, truly Chesterfieldian, he looked upon the carpet with his pretty young eyes, while he said: "Mrs. S. my mother wishes to know how old you are."

"Why bless you mother's heart, child!" replied the old lady, "she knows my age as well as I do; but tell her I am seventy-two this very spring!"

Back ran Bobby to his mother, and delivered the old lady's reply.

"Why, what in the name of wonder," exclaimed Mrs. M. "made Mrs. S. send such an answer?"

"Why mother," said Bobby, in his innocent manner, "didn't you tell me to go and ask how old Mrs. S. was?"

### THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRY-MAN.

A PHILOSOPHER stepped on board a ferry boat to cross a stream; on the passage he inquired of the ferryman if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished.—"Arithmetic! no sir, I never heard of it before." The philosopher replied, "I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone." A few minutes after, he asked the ferryman—"Do you know anything of mathematics?" The boatman smiled and replied "no." "Well then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is gone." A third question was asked the ferryman; "Do you understand astronomy?" "Oh! no, sir, I never heard of such a thing." "Well my friend, then another quarter of your life is gone." Just at this moment the boat ran on a snag, and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat,

and asked the philosopher, with great earnestness of manner, "Sir, can you swim?" "No," said the philosopher. "Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is lost, for the boat's going to the bottom."

Dr. JOHNSON.—When Dr. Johnson courted Miss Porter, whom he married, he told her he was of mean attraction, that he had no money, and that an uncle of his had been hanged! The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied that she had no more money than himself, and though none of her relations had been hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging!

A TRAVELING merchant, alias a pedlar, asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. "Five shillings, sir." "In my dear country, my darlin," you might buy thim for sixpence a pace." "Why don't you remain in your own dear country, then?" "Case we have no sixpences, my jewel!"

"No COMPULSION."—"Gentlemen," said a French officer, addressing his men, just after the landing of Napoleon from Elba, "opinions are free, and you may declare for the Emperor or not, just as you please. There will be no compulsion used, but I think it my duty to inform you that every man who does not cry *Vive L'Empereur*, will be shot in five minutes."

THE THREE GUIDES.—A sound head, an honest heart, and an humble spirit—these are the three best guides. They will ever suffice to conduct us in safety in every variety of circumstance.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. H. Coopersville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. Stamford, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Jr. East Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. Corsetown, Pa. \$1.00; H. N. S. Windham, Me. \$1.00; P. H. S. Baldwinville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. McC. McConnellville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; F. D. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.75; P. M. Lavanna, N. Y. \$2.00; G. K. Marathon, N. Y. \$1.00; J. J. L. Springfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Homer, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Burdett, N. Y. \$2.00; E. J. Schoharie, N. Y. \$1.00.

### Married,

In Milan, Dutchess Co. on the 4th inst. Mr. John Keeler, of Gallatin, to Miss Edah, daughter of Andries Colpaugh of the former place.

At Pine Plains, on the 21st ult. Abraham Decker to Miss Angeline Ham.

At the same place, on the 31st ult. Mr. Walter Wright to Miss Margaret Schott.

At the same place, on the 4th inst. by Josephus D. Jordan, Esq. Martin Fingle to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Oliver Orr.

### Died,

In this city, on the evening of the 8th inst. suddenly, Mrs. Jane Gaul, widow of the late John Gaul, in the 47th year of her age.

On the 6th inst. Paulina, daughter of Edwin and Cynthia Clark, aged 3 ears, 2 months and 17 days. Also, on the 21st inst. Harriet B. daughter of the same, aged 7 years and 6 months.

On the 10th inst. James, son of Samuel Silscock, in his 7th year.

On the 10th inst. Robert, son of Peter and Eliza Van Deusen, in his 6th year.

On the 18th inst. Eliza, daughter of James and Margaret Sherman, in the 3d year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Michael Moor, in his 36th year.

On the 10th inst. Michael Coon, in his 38th year.

On the 10th inst. Cornelia T. daughter of Henry and Hannah Van Steenburgh, aged 17 years, 9 months and 22 days.

On the 10th inst. Ann Montgomery, in her 56th year.

At Athens, on the 22d ult. of Scarlet Fever, Robert Rouse, infant son of William H. and Maria Morton, aged 11 months.

At Kinderhook, on the 13th inst. of Pulmonary Consumption, Mr. John L. Whiting, in the 31st year of his age.

At Albany, on the 9th inst. of Consumption, Jane Wait, wife of Robert H. Frazier, aged 27 years. Her remains were brought to Athens for interment.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MISS  
E. B.

BREATHE softly that name, it speaks to the heart,  
While it forces the tear from the eye,  
It tells that the fairest and best must depart  
When the summons is issued from high.

It points to the grave, to the clods of the earth,  
To the mansions of silence and sleep,  
And robbed of the treasure we speak of its worth  
With a sorrow unspeakably deep.

O dwell on that name, for a fragrance it gives  
Which passes not off with a breath,  
'Tis a savor of life, a spirit that lives  
Untouched by the arrow of death.

It tells of a virtue that ne'er shall decay,  
Though the owner is lost to the sight—  
Of a life that was pure and bright as the day,  
An example refulgent with light.

Then hallow that name, 'tis the name of the blest,  
Transcribed in the records above;  
Efface every tear and rejoice, for its rest  
Is complete in the God of its love.

And it speaks to the mourner in accents of praise,  
To trust in our father and God—  
Faith listens, hope brightens and charity says,  
"It is mercy appointeth the rod." L.  
*Hudson, Feb. 1843.*

For the Rural Repository

I D A.

I SAW her when her cheek was fair  
And blooming as the rose—  
When hope around the youthful heart  
Its chain of magic throws.

Beside her, in a leafy bower,  
With form in manhood's pride  
Her lover sat; for she was now  
His own affianced bride.

The lashes long, of sable hue,  
That rested on her cheek,  
Were wet with tears. Like me you'll ask,  
"Why that fair girl did weep?"

'Twas, that the cry of war was heard  
Throughout their sunny land,  
Don Carlton now must leave her side,  
And join his distant band.

He took her hand, so pearly white,  
And on a finger fair  
He placed a tiny diamond ring,  
And bade her wear it there.

And then they parted: time passed on,  
Yet still he was away,  
And Ida's cheek was pale and wan,  
As hope refused to stay.

At length, sad news was brought to her,  
Her Carlton was no more;  
He died amid the battle's din,  
Upon a distant shore.

She wrung her hands in frenzied grief,  
That high-born beautiful girl,  
And madly from her marble brow  
She tore each raven curl.

And now she paused—for sure she heard,  
The well-known, loud huzza,  
Of hundreds, welcoming again,  
Don Carlton from the war.

Another moment, he was near,  
On love's impatient wing,  
Another hour, he claimed the hand  
That wore the treasured ring. M. M. F.  
*Charlotte, Eaton Co. Mich. Feb. 1843.*

For the Rural Repository.

## WRITTEN FOR MY AUNT'S ALBUM.

How oft we're told "life's but a dream,"  
Or that its light is but a gleam,  
A fitful transient glow—  
Kindled by Him who reigns on high,  
To burn—to flicker, and to die—  
Thus ending life's poor show.

Then let us not, dear Aunte, chase  
Too wildly in the phantoms race  
Where empty baubles lure;  
But let us seek for loftier joys  
Than all such vainly gilded toys,  
Which cannot long endure.

Yes, let us seek the fitting shrine  
Where virtue, truth, and peace combine  
To yield us purer joy,  
Than all the pomp, and pride, and strife,  
Which give us, in the "war of life,"  
But grief and base alloy.

Thus when our humble race is run,  
And when the goal of life is won,  
And death's dark vale is near,  
We'll calmly close our wearied eye  
And ask of friendship but a sigh,  
And soft affection's tear.

*Spencertown, Feb. 1843.*

IOTA.

From the Trumpet.

## THE OLD MILL.

BENEATH a hill, beside a wood,  
Remote from haunts of men,  
In modest guise the old mill stood  
Down in a willow glen;  
A narrow path led to the door  
And then turned back again.

I knew it in my early days,  
For it was nigh my home,  
It was the scene of boyish plays,  
For hither I would come  
In idle hours, released from school  
And free about its room.

Its glassy pond was my delight,  
While yet a truant boy,  
I never wearied at the sight,  
Its pleasures could not cloy,  
For every season in its change  
Brought with it some new joy.

In early spring, with pole in hand,  
And line with barbed hook  
Upon its margin I would stand,  
And deep into it look,  
O, I had been a learned man  
If thus I'd conned my book.

I've had few prizes for my share  
Since manhood I attained,  
And those I find with constant care  
Have still to be maintained;  
But the first fish I drew to land  
Was pleasure all unfeigned.

Far in its waters I would glide,  
When summer suns were high,

Or on its polished surface slide,  
When winter swept the sky,  
Those days are past—yet oft I think  
How happy then was I.

The miller's white-wash'd cottage too  
That stood behind the mill,  
The barn—the shed of greyish blue,  
I think I see them still,  
A little garden smiled in front,  
'Twas watered by a rill.

The miller was a sturdy man,  
And jovial too was he,  
And while amidst his flour and bran,  
Would sing a merry glee,  
And with the farmers pass a joke,  
"For many a joke had he."

The miller's wife, the miller's child,  
They made his heart so light,  
She was a matron kind and mild,  
And she a maiden bright,  
I loved to see them walk to church  
'Twas such a happy sight.

Those times again may never be!  
The miller he is dead,  
And where the old mill stood, you see  
A factory instead,  
Ten thousand spindles now fly round  
Where only one wheel sped.

The pleasant wood that grew around,  
And each sequestered spot  
Have since been levelled with the ground,  
To make a village lot,  
And where to find my native haunts  
I now have quite forgot.

I do not care these scenes to view,  
Or gaze this landscape o'er,  
For it does quiet thoughts renew  
When quiet reigns no more,  
I see a thriving village rise,  
And yet—my heart is sore.

*Hudson, N. Y. 1842.*

C. F. L. F.

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